

THE  
MISSIONARY HELPER,

PUBLISHED BIMONTHLY,

BY THE

Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society,

"FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE."—*Matt.*, 10:8.

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THERE are some cheering signs of promise manifest during the past few months. The first of these is the fact that on the delightful first Sabbath in May thousands of hearts bowed in prayer, that many in India and America sent up petitions to the throne of grace, that many faithful women besieged it, to whom came the answer, assuredly precious : "O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt." The depth of fervency in many hearts on that day may have voiced itself in language expressive as that of one worker who was thankful that she awoke at half-past one that she might thus early begin to pray for the prosperity of Zion.

Again, on May 30, the patriot's day, Myrtle Hall, at Harper's Ferry, was formally dedicated to the service of woman's advancement. This undertaking, which had its conception in hearts that throbbed because of human oppression, now stands as a monument to the fidelity of Him who sets "the captive free." Faith and hope and anxious waiting are changed to grateful realization.

There are indications that in many auxiliaries new recruits are being added to our ranks, and also that fresh forces are coming into the home field. Welcome, thrice welcome ! The Master hath need.

In India the Bible school, which promises to admit women as well as men, is a fixed fact. It was opened on May 1 with appropriate exercises, in most humble quarters, it is true, but the promise is sure that there will be fruitage of

this enterprise, which is, in the highest sense, the result of consecrated, sacrificing, persistent labor. From it shall go forth a constant, ever-widening influence in favor of Christian learning.

All through the mission field the doors are opening wider and wider to Christian workers. As we look we see almost numberless arms stretching to us for the bread of life. Never has the prospect for the ingathering of souls from the ruins of heathenism been more promising.

But upon the brightened prospects there is one deep shadow. The veteran missionary, Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, one of the first to enter the field, and the earnest toiler in it for almost half a century, now worn with labor and emaciated with disease is obliged to leave the land to which his energies have been given, and in which his earthly hopes have centered. May his life be spared during his westward journey!

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### "BY THIS CONQUER."

BY MRS. E. C. JENNESS.

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For more than eighteen centuries the triumph of the Gospel through the conquering power of the cross has been the strong hope of the Christian church. There have been, however, days of darkness and days of light.

It makes but little difference whether the student of history, searching into the dusty archives of the past, credits or not the story that the Emperor Constantine, while going to one of his battles, saw a cross suspended above the mid-day sun, upon which was inscribed these words, "By This Conquer." Whatever may have been the circumstances that influenced the warrior to trust less in the sword and spear than in the standard of the cross, one thing is certain, the condition of the pagan world around him was elevated.

The question may well be asked what was that ruling power in his hand, that beat back the dark waves of idolatry, and in the very childhood of Christianity won its tens of

thousands from their gods of wood and stone to the glorious light of the Gospel. Not civil nor military law, though both were subservient to his will; not wealth even, this under his control was only a servant for the work. The all conquering agent was the cross of Christ, and this cross made attractive. One historian says, "Here is dated the downfall of paganism."

The worship of idols was not forbidden, but beside the heathen temples the Emperor caused Christian churches, of rich and rare design, to be erected. He believed that in order to effectually overthrow pagan worship something better must be supplied. Here was the great secret. To-day, whole cities and communities are loathing their idol worship and eagerly welcoming the missionaries to their homes. The dear brothers and sisters of our own mission band, in their several fields of labor, emphasize this fact, that much of their success depends upon presenting the new religion in an attractive manner. Often can they carry a balm to the soul, because they have first won the heart by assuaging some physical pain. From their recent letters, it seems that the poor idolators, for whom they have so long toiled, are now ready to renounce their idol worship, and are hungering and thirsting for something better. The *one* need is the *means* by which to carry forward the work, to conquer by the cross.

"The field is the world" in which every one has a part to perform in the wonderful plan of conquering sin. All are missionaries, or ought to be, and however humble or exalted the conditions of life, none of us are excused. "Jesus planted his standard so high above our horizon that all humanity may gather beneath it." Living under the shadow of the cross, victory is sure, whatever sacrifices we may have made are forgotten, and self is lost in love for the Master.

Noble examples in the past have gone to their reward, leaving for others the unfinished work. Soldiers of the cross, unmindful of themselves, are pressing forward to the front ranks in the Christian warfare. Loudly they call for us in the background to take for ourselves the watchword, "*By This Conquer.*"

## THE MASTER'S WORK AND OURS.

BY MRS. E. S. BURLINGAME.

JUST before our Saviour left the earth, He gave His followers some work to do. He gave it in these words: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." His people have been at work at the task for eighteen hundred years; and yet it is far from completed. Still there are millions who have never heard that Jesus came to redeem them. Let us look at these words of our Saviour a little more closely.

*Go.* "But we cannot all go," you say. True, but we can all help send those who can go, just as, during the War of the Rebellion, the true men who stayed at home helped send those who went. In this sense we ought all to go.

*Go ye.* The command is to each one of us. Many try to excuse themselves from doing anything to help evangelize the world. Something unusual in their cases excuses them. But what answer have they to the command—*Go ye.*

*Go ye into all the world.* Many say, "Oh, there is so much to do right here at home, I cannot give anything for people who are so far away." But the Captain's order is, into all the world. Those who have broad Christian sympathies are alive and wide awake to needs here, there and everywhere. They look up and say,—Oh, Lord, help me to do all I can to bring the whole world back to Thee.

*And preach the gospel.* By life and precept we are to preach this gospel at home. By our money, prayers, and efforts in all possible directions, we are to preach it to the destitute in our own and to the heathen in foreign lands.

*To every creature.* Our mission will not be ended until every man, woman and child on our earth has heard the glad tidings of redemption. It is estimated that if the churches throughout Christendom would work together in this matter, giving at the rate of two cents per member each week, before the close of the present century, the gospel tidings might be carried to the remotest portions of the earth. Will not every one who reads these words, pledge herself to do her part towards bringing about so glorious a result?

## REMINISCENCES.

BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.

### (FIRST YEARS OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.)

October 4th, 1840, witnessed the first Christian baptism in Jellasore. The subject was Rama, a young Brahmin, who subsequently became a very eloquent and successful preacher. A month later Mr. Phillips baptized two more native converts. The station at Balasore had been also blessed with a very interesting convert—Prasuram, a pleader in courts of law. He likewise became a very efficient teacher and preacher, and for a time rendered the mission much service. About this period he wrote the Corresponding Secretary as follows:—

“ O MY BELOVED BROTHER MACK SAHIB: Receive endless salutation from your little brother, Prasuram. . . . O, beloved brother, the invaluable holy Shaster at Balasore, at the hand of my merciful and beloved sahib Noyes, I have found. . . . After I became a little acquainted with it, I left the worship of the false gods of my forefathers, also nearly one thousand friends of my caste, and with my wife and four children sought the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, for I learned that he had taken the sin of the whole world upon his head, and had died and that at the last day he would be judge of heaven and hell. Hence, I, fearing much, asked him to forgive my sins, give me strength to do his will, and at last give me to sit at the right hand of God. Thus hoping, in the name of Christ, I was baptized, and in this act the mercy I have found is beyond what I can express. . . . That the ensign of Christ may be raised, that all the false gods of wood and stone may go to destruction, and this world become heaven-like, I daily make supplication. . . . I am now engaged in instructing fatherless children, whose father the Lord has become. I also preach the word of salvation in the bazar, and, from village to village daily teach the happy news. One of my relatives, with his wife and children, has broken caste, and is living near me. May the Lord make his mind steady. When you send missionaries to preach the gospel in every town in Orissa, my mind's wish will then be free, and not before.”

Near the close of the year 1840, the boarding school at Balasore numbered thirty-five pupils. Ten orphans who, when taken into the school, were in a starving condition, had died, and others had run away. The school at Jellasore had twenty-seven pupils. These schools afforded great encouragement, as the children were entirely removed from the contaminating influence of the heathen. Several of their number possessed excellent talents, and manifested much interest in the Sabbath School and in the worship of God ; but then, as now, this department of their work was sadly crippled for want of funds.

The missionaries, during the following cold season, were abundant in labors, making tours in the country, preaching and distributing books and tracts. In the meantime Miss Cummings was transferred from Balasore to Jellasore, as on the 12th of February, 1841, she became the third wife of Rev. J. Phillips. Here, with the care of her husband's twin babes, and the Boarding School, she filled an important place in the mission.

With the coming of Spring, another dark cloud settled over the mission. Mr. Noyes was so violently and obstinately attacked by his former malady, that all were satisfied he could live but a short time without a change of climate. His wife also had become a confirmed invalid. His mental struggles were very painful. Said he : —

“ Alas, how can I leave these fifty souls that with much labor I have gathered from the heathen wilderness. I have often thought that death itself would be preferable to the abandonment of my work, but days and nights of exquisite pain have at length forced me to cry out, ‘ Carry me from the field, for I am wounded ! ’ Two considerations cheer my heart and aid me to bear up under the trial of leaving the scene of my labors. The first is, that my work in the Lord has not been in vain. I have widely distributed portions of God’s written word, and have his unfailing promise that it shall not return to him void. These I have baptized, it is to be hoped, are the children of God, some of whom, I trust, are already in glory, as they died rejoicing in hope of a glorious

immortality. The second consideration is, that while I cannot labor *among* the heathen, I may be able to labor *for* them in our home churches, and there successfully plead their cause."

Mr. and Mrs. Noyes sailed from Calcutta in May, 1841, and October 17, after a perilous voyage, landed in Boston. The former was greatly benefited by the voyage, while the latter remained a sufferer for several years. Mr. Noyes soon engaged in labor among the churches in behalf of the mission.

Thus Dr. Bacheler, with a very partial knowledge of the language, was left with the work of the Balasore station on his hands, and nobly did he meet the emergency. A small church had been gathered there, also another at Jellasore. September 27, 1841, these churches were organized into an association called the Balasore Quarterly Meeting, and here, Rama, the young Brahmin convert, who had been for a year under Mr. Phillips' training, received license to preach.

The missionaries at both stations were often sickened by the revolting heathen rites performed within a few rods of their own homes, especially during the hook swinging and Ruth Jattra festivals. The Ruth Jattra is Juggernaut's annual festival, when, in almost every considerable village, the small images of Juggernaut are taken from their temples and given a ride on a rough car, drawn by his worshipers, while at Pooree, a crowd of 200,000 to 250,000 from all parts of India are congregated for his abominable worship, and where, for ages, his devotees had thrown themselves beneath the wheels of his ponderous car to be crushed to death. Brother Bacheler wrote :—

"This year (1841) as usual, an immense crowd passed Balasore on their way to Pooree, more than 20,000 passing daily. Thousands perished. So great was the number of the dead at Pooree, that the innumerable multitude of beasts and birds of prey were able to devour but a small portion of the victims, so the magistrate was obliged to dig large pits in the sand, into which hundreds were thrown together. The pilgrims, as they passed, brought in their train numbers of dogs, jackals, vultures and crows, fattening on the carcasses of the slain. The roadsides were strewed with the sick, the

dying and the dead, while the stench was almost suffocating. Our two native preachers labored incessantly from morning till night, preaching and distributing books, thus scattering 4,000 religious publications over a portion of country hundreds of miles in extent." The present Mrs. Phillips, writing about this period, from Jellasore, of their interesting school, says: "The cholera is making sad havoc among the children. Four among the most promising, became a prey to it this week. As our house is but a few rods from the great Juggernaut road, we see large numbers of pilgrims pass daily — a painful sight. Some have died under a large banyan tree near our house, and, as is always the case, their bodies were devoured by dogs and jackals and vultures, for no man careth for their bodies or souls." Thus, through such harrowing scenes were our missionaries compelled to prosecute the cultivation of their small oases in this great heathen desert. The Christian community in Balasore numbered at this time ninety-seven, that at Jellasore perhaps nearly as many.

Very interesting fields of labor claimed the attention of our missionaries as they traversed the country around them, among which Bhudruck was prominent. This village, about forty miles south from Balasore, stretching for nearly two miles through one continuous mango grove, contains about 5,000 inhabitants, while in the country around it are found markets nearly every day in the week varying in size from 500 to 2,000 people; and forty miles square the country is densely populous. Bhudruck seems so important as a center for missionary operations, that from that day to this all our India missionaries have been pleading for a laborer to be stationed there. Those in the field, in their preaching tours, have visited it from time to time. It is in the villages clustering around Bhudruck that have occurred the late very interesting movements about which our present missionaries have recently written.

[*To be continued.*]

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## BIBLE EXERCISE.

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BY MRS. A. E. PENNEY.

What was God's best gift to man?

God so loved the world, etc. — John iii. 16.

What should be the measure of our giving?

Freely ye have received, freely give. — Matt. x. 8.

What is first accepted in giving?

If there be first a willing mind etc.—2 Cor. viii. 12.

Who should give?

Every man as he purposeth in his heart.—2 Cor. ix. 7.

To whom should we give?

As we have therefore opportunity, etc.—Gal. vi. 10.

What promise to those who honor God by giving?

Honor the Lord with thy substance, etc.—Prov. iii. 9—10.

Also, Give and it shall be given you, etc.—Luke vi. 38.

Also, If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry etc.—Isa.

lviii. 10—11.

What did Jesus observe at the temple treasury?

And Jesus sat over against the treasury.—Mark xii.

41—42,

What was his comment on this act?

And He called unto Him His disciples—Mark xii 43—44.

What spirit did David show in making his offering to the Lord?

And the king said unto Araunah, etc.—2 Sam. xxiv. 24.

Is it safe to refrain from giving?

There is that withholdeth more than is meet, etc.—Prov. xi. 24.

As God's stewards what is required of us?

Moreover it is required in stewards, etc.—1 Cor. iv 2..

To whom do we all belong?

And ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price, etc.—1 Cor. vi. 19—20, last clause. Also 1 Cor. ii. 23.

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## THE LANGUAGES OF THE HINDUS.

"Do you speak Hindu?" Such is the question often addressed to missionaries who have returned from India. The "Hindu language" is spoken of in the newspapers and other periodicals of the day. Well, what of it? Why, there is no "Hindu language!"

The *lingua franca* of India is called Hindustani, though more properly called Urdu. But this is not the language of the Hindus, though spoken by many of them. It belongs to the Mohammedan portion of the population of India.

The language of the Aryan conquerors of India was the Sanscrit. This has long since been catalogued among the dead languages. But the languages spoken by the Hindus to-

day are mostly derived from the Sánscrit, as Italian is derived from the Latin. The principal of these are the Hindi, spoken all over Northern India, excepting Bengal and a part of the Punjáb. It is the nearest the original Sanscrit of all the languages of India, and is spoken by about fifty millions of people. Then there is the Punjábi, spoken in the north-western part of the country; the Bengali, spoken in Bengal; the Mahratti and Gujratti, the languages of Southwestern India.

Each and all of these languages have numerous dialects, so that people speaking the same language often have the same difficulty in understanding one another that the London cockney has in comprehending his Yorkshire countryman. The inhabitants of the southeastern portion of India, being for the most part descendants of the Tartar predecessors of the Aryan invaders, speak an entirely different class of languages from those just described. The chief of these is the Telugu and the Canarese. Then the aboriginal tribes inhabiting the mountains have a language with dialects peculiar to themselves.—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

## NOTES FROM THE SOUTH-LAND.

BY MARILLA.

There's a note on the breeze from the bright South-land,  
Which comes to my spirit to-day,  
And oft as the leaves by these zephyrs are fanned,  
Methinks there's a voice that would say:

Good-night to the darkness of sorrow and grief  
Enshrouding us long with its pall,  
The dawn is appearing to bring us relief;  
There's light and there's learning for all.

Good-night to the thralldom of mind and of soul,  
Farewell to the heart-breaking chain;  
Our song of thanksgiving through ages shall roll,  
That slavery no longer shall reign.

Thank God! for the morning which dawns on our race,  
And wakens to freedom of mind;  
Yea, thank him ever for the mercy and grace  
Christ Jesus has brought to mankind.

GREAT BEND, KANSAS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MISS HATTIE PHILLIPS' JOURNAL.—CONTINUED.

'Nothing of special interest occurred during the four or five days between Pt. de Galle and Garden Reach. Going up the Hoogly river we saw many strange sights, and I found it difficult to realize that I was returning to my native land. The channel of the river is so shifting and treacherous that its navigation requires the greatest care. Arrived at Garden Reach, about six miles below Calcutta, we anchored to wait for daylight and the tide to take us up. James put off almost immediately in a native boat for the city, to learn what preparation had been made for us. He had not been gone long, however, when General Litchfield, our American consul, arrived. He reported that arrangements had been made for our entertainment at different places . . . . That evening Miss Lathrop and I went to the American Missionary Orphanage in Calcutta, where we met with a very cordial reception from the ladies of the Institution. In the morning sister Emily and her husband came to meet us. I could not see that the latter had changed a hair. Emily certainly has changed. She has grown so thin as to make her face look quite long. We spent a good share of the day in the Bazar. Old China, or Radhu Bazar, is Port Said intensified. The street is narrow and winding, full of hawkers of every description — people running out of their shops to call you in, beggars, &c., &c. The moment your gharrie stops, two, three or half a dozen rush up on either side, and shout their wares upon you.

As we reached Point de Galle, we saw several Cingalese boats, which, at a distance, really looked like a floating log manned by crows. Two or three of them came alongside with some sort of trumpery for sale, but as orders had been given not to let them on board, no one caught the rope that they repeatedly threw to us, consequently they were soon far in our wake. One thing I noticed about them, which set them decidedly in contrast with both the mixed population of Port Said and the Hindoos, and that was their cheerful, laughing countenances. It is such a rare thing to see a heathen laugh; you may laugh with all your might right in his face, but he remains as somber as possible. As for jokes, either they have

no appreciation for them, or else it is against their principles to show it. There are, of course, exceptions to this. A pundit rarely ever laughs at his pupils' blunders, no matter how ludicrous. . . . The native Christians, on the contrary, seem invariably to accompany "Nomaskar," (thank you,) with a broad grin.

They frequently ask six or seven times as much for a thing as they expect to get. . . . We made most of our purchases of two baboos who had been recommended by Mr. Hallam, with the understanding that they should ask a fair, just price, and we should not beat them down, and in the main this agreement was adhered to.

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#### APRIL SUNSHINE.

April sunshine, April showers, April brooks with violet banks, April woods all aglow with Anemones, Solomon seal and myriads of tiny flowers that quite outvie Solomon. Home! April! may our right hands forget their cunning when we forget thy bursting beauty and the tender lessons that smile through all thy tears.

It is April here, too, with sunshine. Oh, such sunshine! We creep under our umbrellas to keep out of it; at nine bar the glass doors to keep out its fiery heat; at noon shrink away from it as you would from a furnace blast; at five in the afternoon the radiation from the soil is scorching; at six old Sol has spent his fury, the hot winds die away, and the cool sea-breeze comes in, and the nights are tolerable — sometimes comfortable. Day after day this flood of fiery sunshine, without a drop of rain or a shadow of a cloud, has been pouring down upon us until the mercury ranges from ninety-three to ninety-eight in our closed rooms — our cool retreats.

But tropical vegetation fairly revels in this heat. The peepul trees are coming out in their new gala robes of delicate pea green. The beautiful tamarind, with its dense, feathery foliage, wears a deeper shade, the magnificent Banyan, "father of all trees," every shade from tender buds to leaves dry and sere. But in their midst, queen of tropical April, stands the mango, in deep, almost invisible green, laden with delicious ripening fruit, and here and there among them flashes the fiery Flambeau, true child of the sun. As I was riding through streets lined with these trees to my work, I could but think what wondrous beauty above, what works of Divine touch and finish!

Then, as the motley crowd of suffering humanity in all its rags, disease and filth rushed by and the old dust from the heated road blew in my face, the loveliness above was lost in the misery below, and unbidden came a sigh for a glimpse of the comely faces that crowd our home streets, and for one peep at the home wayside violets and tiny flowers which never raise their modest heads in the glare and blaze of this proud clime.

But I am intensely more interested now in certain little groups of black boys and girls, and some lonely widows and little girl brides, in the zenanas, than I am in the dear old mossy brooks or this tropical splendor. Oh! the faces and the scenes that come to me when the day's work is done.

The first house I entered this morning a woman about 20, jeweled, and *be-jeweled*, the only wife of a proud Brahmin, glided quietly to my side with her book and dainty knitting for her morning lesson. Her dark eyes and costly gems flashed and sparkled as she left her room and stepped into a chance ray of sunshine that fell upon the verandah, and as her face lighted with unusual pleasure I thought "It's not so bad to be a 'zenner' woman, after all." Her lesson was well learned, and being recited animatedly, when suddenly I beheld, standing right before her, a woman young and fair, with eyes riveted on my pupil, drinking in every syllable. Her long, flowing hair, partly concealed by the white mantle carelessly thrown over her head, fell about her shoulders, while her whole attitude and rapt attention made a very striking picture, and I half involuntarily said, "Don't you want to read, too?" Her eyes filled with inexpressible sadness as she replied, "Oh, yes! So much I long to read those beautiful stories and do that pretty work, but I am a widow and have been since I was a little child and I can never read, sew or do anything that others do, I must live on and on and be nothing — nothing — do nothing." As the last word died away she disappeared in one of the little dark rooms allotted to zenana women, which are in such perfect keeping with a Hindu widow's dark fate. The teacher with me said that she did fairly begin to read at one time, but the Brahmin and his wife forbade her looking at another syllable or learning anything, and that she was allowed no privileges more than our caste.

Do we wonder that they cry out, "Oh! for the days of blessed *suttee* when the fires of the funeral pile put an end to

widow's woes!" Well may we of Christian lands thank the Lord that we are not zenana women.

Here and there with Mrs. Bacheler's faithful zenana teachers (formerly Miss Crawford's orphan girls) I went among the poor where the little brides sat waiting their teachers, then into gulleys and alleys where the poor women left their work and spelled out the first words of the first primer, or listened to some Bible story or blessed hymn reminding them of a better land than this, where the weary rest and are never tired any more. From the zenanas, which are now in a flourishing condition, we hastened to one end of the city to visit one of our new ragged school — or schools for the very poor. A barber had invited us into his shanty. The charred bamboos and blackened straws hung threateningly over our heads on one side and the bright blue sky looks down lovingly on the other, while four shaky mud walls surround us. Who? Why the teacher and twenty or more dirty, almost naked little ones, whose heads really look not a little like the half-burned thatch above us, as their stiff, unkempt black hair stands out in every direction. But, clearer than any blue sky, shine out forty little black eyes telling of the love and sadness in twenty little souls just back of them.

These little wild waifs will be kept in school by dint of great tact, hard work and pure love. So far they are doing well and the native teacher seems proud of them.

It was very interesting to see them *grab* at some little strips of paper, pure and white, cleaner than anything else they had ever seen, on which I had written a few Bengali letters. But one touch of the little unwashed hand and its whiteness had gone forever. Still, day after day, they brought those same papers till the penciled letters were lost in the dirt. Among these children are a few very bright ones — gems worth saving and polishing. But who can tell? By and by some of the common ones may shine with a surer light. One school more in the next ward and our morning work is done.

The same class of poor little ones, nestle under a magnificent Tamarind tree, whose dense and beautiful foliage makes a most grateful shade and a delightful school-room. *To-day* how many of these schools might be opened had we *money*? *Will* not some of the home Societies and juvenile Bands take one of these little schools which *fifty* dollars will support a whole year?

MARY R. PHILLIPS.

## OUR ZENANA TEACHERS.

They are thirteen in number, including the matrons, Chandu-ma, Poddomoni, Jessie Emmeline, Phulmoni Caroline, Rotini, Katurah, Annie Page, Rasmoni Dukhu-ma, Sarah and Bandorburi. Perhaps a few words about each of the four unmarried girls and the matron who live in the zenana house in our own compound may not be uninteresting. A zenana house is, as you may know, wholly enclosed, having communication with the outside world by usually one door.

Chandu-ma, the matron of our zenana house, has been with us many years. She is an old woman and was with Miss Cilley, who at one time gave an account of her conversion from heathenism, but it may be new to many of the readers of the *HELPER*, so we will repeat it as heard from the old lady's lips. Her daughter, Katurah, one of Mrs. Bacheler's Balasore school girls, was the mother of two children, Sarah and Daniel. While yet a young girl Sarah was converted ; she united with the church and was determined to bring her heathen grandmother to the Saviour. She and Ruth, a girl of her own age, now our native pastor's wife, often talked to her about God, telling her only He could save her, but she laughed at them and said the heathen gods were her gods, they would save her.

One day she went to gather wood in the jungle and on her way home saw a large bear drinking water close by the path she must go. It was so late in the evening that no help could be called ; then she bethought herself of the God the two children had told her about so many times, and who they said could save her. She prayed to Him to keep her safe from the bear, and he answered her prayer for she went unharmed on her way, the bear not so much as looking up at her. This so sunk into her mind that when her little granddaughter was taken from her, who told her she was not going to die but only going to the beautiful place where God lives, and begged her to believe on Him who takes away the fear of death, she was ready to believe and be baptized. Since then she has been among us, and is always ready and willing to watch with and take care of the sick and suffering.

Poddomoni, or Poddie as we call her, is one of the famine orphans left by her parents when a child and taken to Miss Crawford's school at Jellasore, which was her birth-place to the new life as well as her home for many years. She was a farmer's daughter, and once during rice-threshing one of

the kernels flew into her eye and destroyed it. She came to Midnapore when the zenana work was in Miss Cilley's care and returned to Jellasore when it was temporarily broken up on Miss Cilley's going to America. When Mrs. Bacheler took up the work she made an appeal for helpers to the girls of Miss Crawford's school. Poddie of her own free will offered to come and work for the Master here. Since then she has worked in the zenanas, and though personally the least attractive of our four teachers, still she is called to more and better houses than any of the others.

Phulla, her fellow-worker and companion, came with her, and they have been firm friends almost ever since. Once they had a quarrel and until it was settled both of them fasted and cried. Both of them have had dangerous illnesses, and the devotion and patience with which each was nursed by the other has been really touching. She says she cannot remember anything of her life before she came to Miss Crawford's school an outcast from her own family, given away, perhaps, that there might be one less mouth to feed.

Jessie worked at Balasore under Mrs. Smith for a time, and then taught in Jellasore until she came here. She is an excellent teacher and a beautiful knitter, which is an accomplishment she is called upon to teach in many of her houses. She has a soft pleasant voice and is a favorite with her pupils. She can remember nothing of her life before she came into Miss Crawford's school as a very little girl.

Emmeline has been with us about a year. She is a Musulman by birth, and when a little girl she ran away from her mother and home and took refuge in the Jellasore school, and would stay with Miss Crawford, though her people tried hard to get her back to the old home and bad life. She and Jessie live in the large room of our mud zenana house, the old lady, Chandu-ma lives in a little corner room, while Poddie and Phulla have two rooms divided by a low partition on one side of the little court. One room is the sitting and sleeping room, the other they cook and keep their boxes in. The walls and floor are mud and of a brown color. The house and yard always look neat, clean and tidy, and though small and what you might think very uncomfortable, is really a palace compared with many others in which richer people pass their lives.

Long years ago when our house was occupied by the Colonel of the Midnapore regiment, this was the gardener's

house, and beyond it there used to be the remains of the old garden. Now it is a "plantain orchard," and the plantain trees form a pleasing background to the brown roofs. The house has been enlarged and very much improved since the girls first occupied it.

MARY P. BACHELER.

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**DANTOON.**

Miss Julia Phillips writes thus, in April: "Hattie and I are alone at this place, for father and mother left for Midnapore yesterday. Dear father has been failing quite rapidly within the past two or three months. There seems to be no cure for him, only relief from intense suffering. I fear he has but a short time to be with us. How much a strong man is needed to take up the work which father's weary hands must give up. Pray much for this, and also that the Everlasting Arms may be about us when the hour of trial comes.

The work here grows in interest. We have already forty-two pupils, and still more are calling us. During March we opened one Girls' School, and I hope we may have another this month. I have never been in a place where the people seemed so glad to hear the Gospel. From the highest to the lowest, all listen with interest. Every day I feel that the prayers of friends at home are being answered in our behalf, for we find so much to cheer us."

A little later Hattie writes: "We regard our prospects here very encouraging indeed, so far as the natives are concerned; but some one is so much needed to take dear father's place. How greatly the Lord has blessed and honored him by allowing him to remain so long in his chosen field. No one can go about among the people of this section without meeting on every hand the fruit of his labor. What a glorious crown of rejoicing will be his! It does seem sad that he must leave this inviting field, which he had labored so hard to enter and establish, and where he has suffered so much. The leading natives of the place, not Christian men, express and really seem to feel the deepest respect and regard for him. They say, 'We have seen many Englishmen, but never a man like your father, always ready to help. He has given his life for the mission work.' Let me send my thanks to the Rhode Island ladies for the twenty-five dollars sent us for zenana work. Julia and I are very anxious to make the work self-supporting as soon as possible. This is a very en-

couraging field. Almost every day that passes we are more or less crowded with visitors—almost exclusively men—and was there a strong man here, he would hardly need to go outside the house to find all the work in the way of preaching that he could well do. As it is, my sister does a part of the talking, the native preachers do what they can, and many people go away without a word spoken to them, because there is no one to do it. Last week a man from a distance met Julia in the bazar, and, after asking for books, he said, 'There is one thing I want you to tell me, how can I be saved?'

Who could ask for a better opportunity to preach Christ and Him crucified?"

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#### SOROH.

Miss Ida Phillips thus writes to a friend of the work now so encouraging at Soroh :—

"We are out of town working among the people who cannot be reached by the work in town. Never before in the history of our mission have there been found so many people ready and waiting to hear the good words, and a large number are ready to break away from Hindooism entirely and take a firm stand for Christ ?

My sister and I go out into villages about camp, morning and evening, and visit from house to house, talking to the women whom we find. In many of these houses, my sister says that two years ago she was by no means made welcome, and in some places hardly permitted to sit down on the verandah ; now we scarcely find a house where they do not seem glad to see us and press us to repeat our visits. My zenana work this year is particularly encouraging, more houses being regularly visited than ever before."

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#### ANNIVERSARY-DEDICATION.

THE year just closed is one long to be remembered with satisfaction and deep thankfulness. The attendance has been such as to warrant the belief that, with enlarged accommodations, the number of pupils will increase proportionally. Also a much larger number than ever before have been able to remain in school the entire year. The friends of the school will rejoice to know that faithful and efficient work has been

done by assistants, who are graduates of the Normal Departments and are still pursuing their academic course.

The temperance campaign is no small part of the year's work. In a land where bars are numerous, liquor traffic respectable, moderate drinking encouraged in select society and tolerated in the churches, it is not strange that the public opinion of the school needs to be educated up to the point of total abstinence. Term by term is the battle renewed, and each successive effort adds some important victory.

The twelfth anniversary was an occasion of much interest. The hope of years was to be realized and Myrtle Hall to be dedicated to the cause of the education of women. The examination of classes occupied all of two days. On the first day the committee was made up from the home force, while the second found the number increased by a reinforcement of five persons from New England : Rev. E. W. and Mrs. Porter and Mr. and Mrs. Russell, of Lowell, Mass., and the President of the Woman's Missionary Society. Wednesday night a thoughtful and attentive audience gathered in the chapel to listen to a lecture by Mr. Porter, the subject of which was "Elements of Manliness in Character." The lecture was adapted to the wants of the listeners. The exercises of Thursday consisted of an oration before the Alumni by J. H. Skipwith, and at night very entertaining select readings by Mrs. Burlingame. For Friday, Decoration Day, had been reserved the parts of most of the scholars, as on that day the early trains would bring relatives and friends, to many of whom "freedom had come too late" to bring to them the joys of school privileges which they sought all the more earnestly for their children.

The graduating class number ten, five young women and five young men. In the academic course the orations, essays and discussions included a wider range of themes than ever before.

At 3 o'clock a large crowd assembled in front of Myrtle Hall, where, one year ago, with hope and trust, was laid the corner-stone. The poem, written by Mrs. E. W. Potter, whom other duties had called away, was read by Miss Coralie L. Franklin. A most appropriate address was given in behalf of the Woman's Missionary Society, by Mrs. L. R. Burlingame. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. J. Holmes, of Martinsburg. The hymn, written by Mrs. V. G. Ramsey, was then sung by the College Glee Club, and at the

last strains of music the people turned away with renewed faith in the future of the institution, with thankfulness to the countless friends whose benevolence has reared the comely brick structure, and with deep gratitude to God for His blessings and providential care over Storer College.

L. E. BRACKETT.

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TO FRIENDS IN OHIO.

Since the Ohio people have called me their "adopted child" in the missionary cause, I feel in duty bound to give my foster parents some knowledge of the work in which they are making it possible for me to engage. For the most of the time since November I have been visiting the churches of the four Ohio Y. M's. This work I have found very interesting, though in many cases quite arduous, as any work would be which required constant travel.

What, in general, do I find to be the interest in missions you may ask? Well, on the whole, perhaps not unlike the weather. Sometimes dull, cold, dark, like an early spring day, when the clouds hang low, hiding the sun and giving no rain, when in spite of himself one becomes disheartened with the lack of life everywhere. What a pity that when the light is only a few feet above them, so many of our churches are built under the clouds! No wonder some of the members cannot believe the light of the gospel will ever illuminate the heathen world. Who could imagine for a moment the miracles that the sun accomplishes every day, if he never saw its light except through an inch hole in the roof?

But there are bright days as well, and I shall always be thankful that it has been possible for me to know so many to whom our work in India seems almost as dear as it does to the workers themselves on the field; so many who have been filled with thankfulness at the present encouraging prospects, and are praying that the field so near ripe for the harvest shall not be left without needed reapers. Many times when I am in India will the thought of your earnest work and prayer for missions lead me to feel more deeply my own responsibility. I must not fail to tell you of a new plan which I fear may disappoint many of you, as in many respects it has disappointed me, though I myself suggested it. Last spring I had a letter from sister Ida telling of her work among the women, in which among other things she wrote: "One woman I found yesterday who seemed really interested. An

old crone she was, extraordinarily black, and having sore eyes. She seated herself near me, and after I had talked of Christ for some time she broke in with,—‘What you say is all good enough, but what is the matter with my eyes? I came to look at you. I don’t know much about the learned things you are saying, but my eyes just ache continually.’ I must say it almost made me wish I had stayed at home a few years longer and studied medicine. One can get so much nearer the needy heart if she is able to do something to relieve the pain of the body.” This with other things of the same kind that I had often heard before, set me at once to thinking that perhaps I was making a great mistake in going to India without the medical study which Ida had so much desired, and which on account of her health she had been obliged to abandon. Immediately I wrote to friends telling them that as they were in the field and knew the needs of the work better than I, I should leave the question of my studying medicine for them to decide. If they said “No,” I should be ready to sail for India in September; if “Yes,” I should do what I could to make myself more useful to the mission by a knowledge of the curative art. Eight weeks after the letter was written, one little word came trembling along the wires half way around the world, and did not lose its way on its long, long journey, but came straight to me and answered my question. That word was “Yes.” I was then at Burghill, O. Soon after I left my work and came home to Hillsdale, and have already begun my studies.

How long I shall continue them I have not yet decided. If the appeals for some one to work in Dantoon are not soon responded to, I shall not have the heart to stay long here, but otherwise, I shall probably remain for the full three years’ course of study.

And now, dear sisters, I know you are all ready to rejoice with me that after nearly fifteen years of separation we hope soon to see our parents in America.

I have been trying hard to imagine how it will seem to say “father” and “mother” again, and to care for them in declining years as many of you have been privileged to care for aged parents. Many times it seems like a strange dream of some happiness that is never to be realized. Oh, pray for them, that they may not, like Judson, aged and infirm, looking longingly westward for sight of his native land, die among strangers, and find an unmarked resting place beneath the waves.

HILLSDALE, Mich.

NELLIE M. PHILLIPS.

## WORKERS IN COUNCIL.

### THE N. E. CONVENTION.

At the New England Convention, held at Lowell, Mass., Wednesday evening, April 23, was given to the Woman's Missionary Society. Mrs. M. M. H. Hills read a paper on the duty of Free Baptist women to the mission work in India. She gave graphic pictures of the condition of women in different heathen countries.

These were followed by statements relating to the condition of women in India. They are virtually slaves. They must not eat with their husbands, speak their names, or walk with them. The lower caste, from which are most of the converts to Christianity, are bearers of burdens, and as such are subjected to severe hardships. The high caste women are found in the zenanas, where they are subjected to the severest seclusion: Of the 3,500,000 inhabitants in that portion of India assigned as our field, it is estimated that there are 1,000,000 women in the zenanas. How great is the work committed to us and how great is our responsibility! In our work in their behalf, we have made a good beginning in the cities of Midnapore and Balasore. Much of this work is done by native helpers who have been able to penetrate these secluded abodes. The lower castes need to have a work done in their behalf, and Mrs. J. L. Phillips has formed plans for their welfare in which she needs aid and co-operation. There are, also, openings at Bhudruch and Contai.

This Society asks of each woman in the denomination two cents per week over and above what she ought to pay to other benevolent objects. Should every woman do this, there would be raised \$40,000 annually! But we fail to do this, and why? One cause is lack of intelligence. To impart this, we should make the best use possible of our Quarterly and Yearly Meetings. Much can be done also by the circulation of the *Star* and *Helper*. The world is ripe for the harvest, and ours is a great world.

Mrs. E. W. Porter, of Lowell, read an elaborate and excellent paper on the Reflex Influence of Missions. To labor for the salvation of the heathen meets a want of our nature, develops our spiritual life, and makes us more efficient in every branch of Christian service.

Mrs. Hills read an extract of a letter from Mrs. Phillips, making an earnest appeal in behalf of the lower caste women and children, and asking for means to aid in reaching them. The specific thing asked for was means of conveyance. Mrs. Hills stated that a subscription had been started for that purpose.

## RHODE ISLAND.

A business meeting of the Rhode Island District of the Woman's Missionary Society was held in connection with the Free Baptist Association at Pascoag, Wednesday, May 21. The ladies representing the mission interest of the various churches assembled in the vestry at half-past four o'clock. In the absence of the District Secretary, Mrs. J. F. Steere, of Greenville, was called to the chair, and Mrs. G. S. Andrews, of Providence, was chosen Secretary. Prayer was offered by Mrs. Burlingame, of Providence. A letter was read by Mrs. Burlingame, from Mrs. Dexter, and also a financial statement which showed that the work undertaken one year ago had been successfully carried forward, and that the sum required for the passage of the missionary supported by the women of the churches was nearly all raised, and also that for three-fourths of her salary. The reports from the various Auxiliaries and Bands, read by their respective Secretaries or some delegate, contained many encouraging features and gave the impression that the zeal manifested in the beginning of the undertaking was to be equaled by the patience in carrying it forward. Several new societies had been formed and the membership of others increased.

Mrs. Dexter was requested to act as treasurer for the coming year, and a motion prevailed to raise a small sum each year for incidental expenses of State work. A committee of four was appointed to co-operate with the District Secretary, and Mrs. J. M. Fenner is to take charge of the work in the W. R. I. Q. M.

Encouraging words were said by Mrs. Brewster, who also read letters from the missionaries. The meeting adjourned to two o'clock on Thursday afternoon for more public exercises.

THE meeting on Thursday was presided over by Mrs. A. Given, of Greenville, and opened with singing by members of the Pascoag Mission Band. This was followed by reading of the Scriptures by Mrs. A. J. Kendall of Pascoag, and prayer by Rev. Mrs. Fenner of Connecticut.

Mrs. A. L. Gerrish of Olneyville then read an ably-written paper entitled "The Open Door." She gave numerous carefully prepared statistics concerning the rapid growth of Foreign Missions, and earnestly presented the need of more laborers in this field "white for the harvest." At the conclusion of this article the audience joined in singing Coronation.

Next came a map exercise on India. An interesting account of the work being carried on by our missionaries was given which concluded with extracts of letters from the Misses Phillips and others.

Miss S. C. Mowry then read an excellent essay on mission work, in which, while commending the much already accomplished, she urged the strong necessity of continued and unwearied efforts towards "the end" which is "not yet." Mrs. L. R. Burlingame here made a most earnest

plea to women to rouse themselves to a greater zeal in the mission work, and her stirring words on its claims and necessities, her appeals to the hearts and consciences of her hearers were listened to with the closest attention. The meeting closed with the singing of the Doxology.

F. E. K.

#### MICHIGAN.

Let me tell all who read the *HELPER* that there is now a Woman's Missionary Society in the Michigan Yearly Meeting. We met and organized during the session held at Capac, on Friday afternoon, May 30. This Society is auxiliary to the Woman's Missionary Society, and is to be composed of the several Quarterly Meeting and church societies. Two Quarterly Meetings only could report societies already formed. The Grand Rapids Quarterly Meeting Society has lived and worked for over twenty-eight years, and the Genesee Quarterly Meeting Society has been organized about one year. There are several church societies in other Quarterly meetings, and two more, at least, will organize at their next session. The spirit of work prevailed and a zeal for missions was manifest — a zeal that shall result in solid service for God, India and our feeble churches. The Yearly Meeting Conference voted to give to this society the Friday evening of each Yearly Meeting session for its public meeting.

Mrs. Mary P. Platt was appointed Yearly Meeting Secretary and Treasurer for our society. This may need explanation. The Constitution says: "As Treasurer she shall only be expected to take and forward to the proper Treasurers money received at the annual meeting, by collection or otherwise. Money secured by Quarterly Meeting Societies shall be reported but not sent to her." Is this plainly understood? Money secured by Quarterly Meeting or church societies for Foreign Missions should be sent to Miss L. A. DeMeritte, Dover, N. H., Treasurer of Woman's Missionary Society. All money for Harper's Ferry or the Freedmen's mission farther west should be sent to Miss DeMeritte, too, but as these missions are a part of the Home Mission work, this money should also be reported to Rev. L. B. Potter, Lansing, Mich., Treasurer of the Yearly Meeting Home Mission Society, and the regular home mission funds for church extension, etc., should be sent to Brother Potter. I am most anxious that we work willingly and joyfully for our State Home Mission Society. It has our confidence, and the need of its existence we know and all too keenly feel.

Let us, then, in Michigan, thanking God for the bright outlook of to-day, so act that each to-morrow shall be full, not of promise alone, but of actual, glorious results. India, our India, we will love. For her, for the home work, for the dark ones in the Sunny South, we will pray. And shall this be all? I hear your answer *No*. To these we will give time and

money, not now and then an hour, not once in a few years a dollar, but monthly or weekly, as long as we live we will give regularly, systematically to this work. Give a few cents at a time, if our gifts must necessarily be small, give more if possible, but give as well as pray without ceasing, and thus and thus alone will success be sure and uninterrupted.

Yours in loving service,

S. L. CILLEY.

Miss Cilley was with us at the June session of the Montcalm Q. M. She spoke Saturday evening to a large and interested audience on our work in India. A great interest was created in missions and a good foundation was laid for future work.

A W. M. S. of the Montcalm Q. M. was organized with twenty-six members. Mrs. Dr. Lord, of Howard City, was elected president; vice-presidents, Emma Smith and Mrs. R. Merrett; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Tunis Link, and a collector was chosen from each church in the Q. M. The mission cards were distributed among the people, men as well as women, and about fifty dollars per year has already been pledged by the different churches, and more signatures will probably be obtained by the collectors.

EMMA L. SMITH, Secretary pro tem.

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#### OHIO.

Mrs. J. B. Lash, Sec. of Cen. O. Y. M., writes thus: "The Q. Meetings in this Y. M. each have a Mission Society. The programme for public exercises is about the same in each, which in our own Q. M. are held on Saturday evening of the session. After the meeting is called to order we have singing, prayer and reports from the churches, then select reading, essays and short speeches, and at the close a collection. We adopted this plan and it works nicely. There were those not in favor of our having all the evening, but we occupied it, not saying much about it, and now it is expected.

Miss Nellie Phillips has been through the southern part of the State, and I trust done good service. We hope we may have her soon to help us.

In December last I had a paralytic stroke which affected my left side. I was for a time perfectly helpless. My speech was also affected, and I could not read or write for three months. I am improving slowly, and hope to be able to do some mission work during the summer, but cannot expect to do as much as usual. On this account I have secured a little over half the number of subscribers for the *HELPER* that I did last year. I feel we must make it a monthly another year and will do all I can, but can not labor as I have in the past."

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## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

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THE *HELPER* comes to the middle of its second year with hope and courage. We want a few more persons to enjoy the reading furnished in these columns, and so we make the same offer as last year, to furnish the *HELPER* for fifteen cents to all who will subscribe from July. The chapters of Reminiscences of the F. B. Mission are so valuable, that anyone not beginning her subscription with January, will surely sustain a loss. There remain some two hundred more copies of the January and other back numbers.

ANY subscriber receiving at any time an imperfect copy of the *HELPER* shall be supplied with a readable one on application to us, stating the fact.

MONEY can be sent to us either by post-office order, by registered letter, or in stamps, though larger stamps than three-cent ones are not desired.

MRS. E. W. Page, a member of this Board from New York, and also one of the Publishing Committee, has recently started on a trip around the world. She is accompanied by her husband and youngest daughters. They expect to visit our mission stations in India. We send after them kindest wishes for a prosperous journey as they leave the western shore, and shall watch eagerly for their return, and the knowledge and inspiration they will bring back with them. Mr. and Mrs. Mosher also sailed from New York, June 7, for an absence of a few months in Europe. May they find the rest and refreshment so much needed.

SINCE the beginning of modern missions the Bible has been translated into 212 languages spoken by 850,000,000 human beings and distributed at the rate of nearly twelve every minute. All this has been done by missionaries. Thirty-nine of the languages referred to never had a written form until the missionaries created it.

THE sweetest life is to be making sacrifices for Christ; the hardest life a man can lead on earth, the most full of misery, is to be always doing his own will and seeking to please himself. — *Edward Bickersteth.*

WOMEN'S missionary societies, which have accomplished so much in the United States, are about to be organized in England. The English Presbyterian Church is soon to have one whose object will be the education of Chinese women. This has grown out of the interest of a number of Presbyterian women in London in a girls' boarding-school in Amoy.

THIS year for the first time the Women's Union Missionary Society took part in the May anniversary meetings held at the Broadway Tabernacle in New York. Miss Brittain, the well known zenana missionary, spoke for the first time since her recent return to this country.

THE various women's foreign missionary societies of America collected during the year 1878, \$438,402.83.

THE *Missionary Herald* notes the following encouraging sign of a new era in Syria: The Mohammedans have at length wheeled into line with that advancing column, led by the Protestant missionaries, which is moving on to the education and enlightenment of Syria, and the disenchantment and elevation of women in the East. The mere fact that Mohammedans will pay for the education of girls is one of those striking pivotal events which mark a new epoch in history.

Two of our exchanges, *Life and Light*, the organ of the Congregationalist Woman's Board of Missions and *The Heathen Woman's Friend*, the organ of the Methodist Board, have each just completed ten years of their existence. Both have gained strength and influence, year by year, and have done an efficient work.

# Children's Niche.

## THE FOUR RUPEES.

A gift has come to us over the seas,  
A gift of beautiful, bright rupees ;  
And who do you think has sent us these ?

Was it one of the rajahs, rich and grand,  
Who live in that wonderful, far-off land—  
The land of simoon, and sun, and sand ?

Or was it some Brahmin, who has thrown  
Forever away his gods of stone,  
And worships the Christian's God alone ?

Or was it the Viceroy, who controls  
The destiny of those million souls  
From Kyber to where the Hoogley rolls ?

Nay, none of them all ;—nay, none of these  
Has sent us this royalty of rupees  
From that strange sun-land over the seas.

Who was it then ?—Listen and I will tell ;  
For surely 'tis something to ponder well,  
Till the truth of it makes our bosoms  
swell.

'Twas an eight-year-old, brown-faced Hindoo lad

Made gift of the four rupees he had,  
To help us at home : for he was sad,

Because he had heard his teacher's fear,  
That the Work of the Children, over here,  
Might wane with the waning of the year.

And therefore he brought his four rupees,  
And eagerly whispered,—“ Sahib, please  
Send *this* for the work beyond the seas !”

Sweet, innocent faith, that did not doubt  
That his four rupees would help us out  
Of the troubles that compass our Work  
about !

—Ah, think of it Christian children !—Can  
You let this heathen of Hindustan  
Do more than *you* for his fellow man ?

Christ save this orphan, who of his store  
Gave all to aid us ; and may his four  
Rupees increase to a thousand more !

—Selected.

## A SCRAP-ALBUM.

THE Mission Helpers of the Greenwich Street Church, Providence, sent a scrap-album filled with pictures of various kinds to Miss Phillips, at Balasore, last fall. She thus speaks of it in a letter to Mrs. Davison, the directress of the Band :—

“ I take much pleasure in writing to acknowledge the receipt of the scrap-album, the pictures and other things which you sent me from the Mission Helpers. They are all most acceptable, and they will, I assure you, be a real help in my work. Not only in school and for children are these pictures useful, but in my Zenanas ; among the women I find them great helps in pleasing and interesting my pupils. Pictures are so rare that have any merit, either in the subjects

treated or the manner of execution, that these are a perfect wonder to them. I must not fail to mention the little painting in water colors. I was very much pleased with it, and hope the little girl who sent it will keep on painting until she can make a very nice picture."

Doubtless you have often wished for some way to help your missionary. Let me suggest that you send her a picture-album for each of her Zenana teachers. When they are supplied, Miss Bacheler, at Midnapore, would be very glad of others for her helpers and teachers, and I am sure Mrs. Phillips will want pictures and picture papers for her ragged schools, of which she speaks in her sunshiny letter in this number of the *HELPER*. What joy and delight they would afford to the girls in the Orphanage at Jellalore. The bright worsted and painted mottoes with which you have so cheered your homes and brightened the walls of your Sunday School rooms, would be very much prized in the shut up homes of the Zenana women, and might serve as copies for them to imitate, for they are very fond of worsted work, as well as ornaments. If you will prepare some albums and pictures they can be sent to India, though I cannot tell you how to-day, but will do so at a future time.

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#### *PAPER FESTIVAL.*

The Little Seed Sowers of the Main Street Free Baptist Church had a Paper Festival Thursday evening, May 15, at which twenty-seven dollars were netted. The Band consists of about thirty-five members. A few of these, however, are too small to attend the meetings, or do anything but pay their fifty cents a year. The oldest member is now fifteen. They hold regular monthly meetings (usually at the house of one of the directors,) conducted after the model given in the May number of last year's *HELPER*. Some of the topics of this year have been India, Turkey, China, Harper's Ferry, the Moravian mission in Greenland, Mexico and Rome.

The meetings are usually lively, interesting and profitable, and often gladly attended by some older friends of the Mission cause. It rarely happens that any of the members who have parts assigned come to a meeting without some preparation.

For a week and a half preceding the 15th, the prevailing topic among the Seed Sowers was the Paper Festival. But

some of you are wondering what a Paper Festival is. Each boy and girl was to collect old newspapers, pamphlets and waste paper of any kind, and take them to the vestry where the festival was held. After a goodly number of people had arrived, the various packages, bags and barrels were put upon the scales and weighed. The largest quantity brought by any one was eighty-two and a half pounds, the next in size was seventy-two and a half pounds. A prize of fifty cents was given to the one having the most, and twenty-five cents to the one having the next most. Some old iron was also contributed, which, together with the paper, was sold at a junk store. The members of the Band each wore some article made of paper; most of the girls had paper aprons, collars and cuffs, and the boys had tissue paper sashes. The posts of the vestry were prettily decorated with tissue paper, and in the centre of the room was a kind of pagoda, built chiefly of spruce boughs and evergreen vines. Just inside this pagoda the little saleswoman or salesman (for they changed several times,) stood behind a table of fancy articles. Among other articles for sale was a variety of garden seeds, furnished chiefly by good old Father Chaney. A long table was invitingly spread with cake and furnished with ice-cream, and a smaller table was laden with plates of candy. After the paper was weighed the scales were used, during the otherwise unimproved minutes, to weigh people at three cents each. During the evening, a young lady read an appropriate and amusing piece entitled "Mrs. Purdy's Perquisites," from *Life and Light*. Next was a recitation of Bible verses relating to seed sowing, by twelve of the seed sowers; and last, but far from least, came a dialogue entitled "A Visit from Kardoo and Mohenee," given by eight girls. Kardoo and Mohenee, the two Zenana girls, wore the Hindoo dress. The dialogue was peculiarly appropriate and finely rendered, and ended with a "Call to Duty," —the voice from the Zenana sung by Kardoo and Mohenee, with chorus by all.

L. A. H.

LEWISTON, MAINE.

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*THE EGG DANCE IN INDIA.*

THIS is not as one might expect from the name given it, a dance upon these fragile objects. It is executed in this wise: The dancer, dressed in a corsage and very short skirt, carries a willow wheel of moderate diameter fastened horizontally upon the top of her head. Around this wheel threads are

fastened, equally distant from each other, and at the end of each of these threads is a slip-noose, which is kept open by a glass bead. Thus equipped the young girl comes toward the spectators with a basketful of eggs, which she passes around for inspection to prove that they are real, and not imitations. The music strikes up a jerky, monotonous strain, and the dancer begins to whirl around with great rapidity. Then, seizing an egg, she puts it in one of the slip-nooses, and with a quick motion, throws it from her in such a way as to draw the knot tight. The swift turning of the dancer produces a centrifugal force which stretches the thread out straight like a ray shooting from the circumference of the circle. One after another the eggs are thrown out in these slip-nooses, until they make a horizontal aureola or halo about the dancer's head. Then the dance becomes still more rapid, so rapid in fact that it is difficult to distinguish the features of the girl; the moment is critical; the least false step, the least irregularity in time, and the eggs dash against each other. But how can the dance be stopped? There is but one way—that is, to remove the eggs in the way in which they have been put in place. This operation is by far the more delicate of the two. It is necessary that the dancer, by a single motion, exact and unerring, should take hold of the egg, and remove it from the noose. A single false motion of the hand, the least interference with one of the threads, and the general arrangement is suddenly broken, and the whole performance disastrously ended. At last all the eggs are removed, the dancer stops without seeming the least dizzied. The eggs are then broken in a flat dish to prove that there is no trick about the performance.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

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#### *AN ACROSTIC FOR "LITTLE SEED-SOWERS."*

The first letter of the following verses placed in their order will spell the name of one of our missionaries:—

- |                   |              |              |             |              |              |             |
|-------------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|
| 1. Psalms 114: 2. | 2. " 59: 17. | 3. " 33: 22. | 4. " 11: 1. | 5. " 18: 30. | 6. " 145: 2. | 7. " 51: 7. |
|-------------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|

- |                   |             |              |               |              |               |              |
|-------------------|-------------|--------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|--------------|
| 8. Psalms 69: 16. | 9. " 41: 4. | 10. " 71: 8. | 11. " 141: 2. | 12. " 57: 2. | 13. " 122: 6. | 14. " 47: 6. |
|-------------------|-------------|--------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|--------------|

E. D. J.

## CONTRIBUTIONS

RECEIVED BY THE

## Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society,

FROM APRIL 1, 1879, TO JUNE 1, 1879.

## MAINE.

Auburn, Auxiliary, Court Street Church.....	\$9 38
Augusta, Auxiliary, for teacher Emeline.....	4 00
Berwick, G. W. Chamberlain, for Myrtle Hall.....	10 00
Gardiner, Aux., for Zenana work.	10 00
Otisfield, do., for Myrtle Hall.....	3 00
Pittsfield, do., for native teacher.	9 50
Portland, Mrs. F. E. Rich, for Mrs. J. L. Phillips' work....	5 00
Presque Isle, Auxiliary, for teacher Jessie .....	12 50
South Limington, Auxiliary.....	8 00
Steep Falls, Miss Hannah Hobson Vinal Haven, Mrs. H. C. Goodwin, for room in Myrtle Hall.	2 00
Wells Branch, S. S., for Myrtle Hall.....	5 00
West New Portland, Auxiliary, for F. M.	2 00
West New Portland, Mrs. Abigail Butts, for Myrtle Hall.....	1 00
Unity, Mrs. Mary Stevens.....	1 00
	\$92 38

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Ashland, Mission Helpers, for Miss I. Phillips' salary.....	\$10 00
Concord, Auxiliary.....	15 00
Danville, Mrs. J. A. Lowell, for room in Myrtle Hall.....	5 00
Danville, Auxiliary.....	10 00
Danville, S. S., for Myrtle Hall..	14 00
Fremont, Mrs. Lavinia S. Hook, for Myrtle Hall.....	1 00
Gilmanton Iron Works, S. S., for Myrtle Hall.....	2 16
Lisbon, Q. M., room in Myrtle Hall .....	25 00
Lisbon, furnishing Mrs. G. F. Mosher's room in Myrtle Hall.....	13 26
New Hampton, Young Ladies' Miss. Soc., for support of Tira-z Hampton.....	14 00
New Market, Mrs. B. F. Haley, for room in Myrtle Hall.....	5 00

Raymond, Mrs. Jos. Fullerton, for Myrtle Hall.....	1 00
Rochester, F. B. S. S., for Myrtle Hall.....	3 45
West Nottingham, Mrs. M. A. Foster, for Myrtle Hall.....	10 00
Wolboro', Mrs. P. H. Chesley, H. and F. Miss., each one-half	2 00
	\$130 87

## VERMONT.

South Barton, collected by Mary E. Drown; \$2 89; do. Carrie Folsom, \$1 15; do. A. I. Gray, 27 cents; do. S. S., 69 cents, for Myrtle Hall.....	\$5 00
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## MASSACHUSETTS.

Blackstone, Mission Band, for Miss I. Phillips' salary.....	\$5 00
Dorchester, Grace and Willie Weaver, for Miss I. Phillips' salary .....	50
Lawrence, ladies of Church, for Myrtle Hall.....	10 00
Lowell, Miss E. M. Dame, for Myrtle Hall.....	50
Lowell, First F. B. Church.....	19 64
Lowell, Miss W. G. Henry, 30 cents; Mrs. W. B. Davis, 75 cents; a sister, Mt. Vernon Church, \$1 00, for Mrs. J. L. Phillips' work.....	2 05
Lynn, Mrs. Helen M. Dore, for room in Myrtle Hall.....	5 00
Melrose, Mrs. L. W. Gilman, for room in Myrtle Hall.....	5 00
	\$47 69

## RHODE ISLAND.

Apponaug, Church, for Miss H. Phillip's passage and salary..	\$4 26
Auburn, Church, for Miss H. Phillip's passage and salary.....	5 92
Centerdale, Church, for Miss H. Phillip's passage and salary..	2 00
Chepachet, Mrs. J. M. Purkis, passage and salary.....	1 00
Foster, Union Auxiliary, salary..	2 50

Georgiaville, pledged to Miss Julia Phillips for Miss H. Phillips' outfit.....  
 Greenville, Auxiliary, salary.....  
 Greenville, Mission Band, for Miss I. Phillips' salary.....  
 Hope Valley, Mrs. Fayette Barrows, toward "Brewster" room, and towards L. M. of Mrs. D. M. Salisbury.....  
 Olneyville, "Cup Bearers," for teacher Ambhi.....  
 Olneyville, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' salary.....  
 Pascoag, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' salary.....  
 Pawtucket, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' salary.....  
 Pawtucket, Mission Band.....  
 Providence, Auxiliary, Roger Williams Church, salary.....  
 Providence, Mrs. D. M. Salisbury \$1 00; Mrs. A. D. Smith, \$1 00; Mrs. Welcome Angell, \$1 00; Mrs. T. G. Earle, \$1 00; Mrs. E. B. Smalley, \$1 50; Mrs. A. E. Amsbury, \$1 00, Mrs. A. Y. Thurston, 50 cents, Miss Abby Salisbury, 50 cents; Mr. J. L. Barber, \$1 00; Park Street Church, towards furnishing "Brewster" room, and towards L. M. of Mrs. D. M. Salisbury.....  
 Providence, Auxiliary, Park Street Church, for Miss H. Phillips' salary.....  
 Tiverton, "Busy Bees," for Miss I. Phillips, salary.....  
 Tiverton, Ladies' Missionary Society, for Miss H. Phillips' salary.....  
 Tiverton, Children's Society, for Miss H. Phillips' salary.....  
 Reported in May number of *Helper*, by Mrs. L. Dexter.....  
  
**NEW YORK.**  
 Ashford, Lavina Fox, for Myrtle Hall.....  
  
**OHIO.**  
 Broadway, "Busy Bees," for F. M. ....  
 Broadway, Auxiliary, for F. M. ....  
 Seneca and Huron, Q. M. Auxiliary .....  
 Seneca and Huron, collected at public meeting, for "Ox Cart Fund".....  
  
**\$270 74**

INDIANA.	
La Grange, Q. M. collection, for Miss I. Phillips' salary.....	\$6 62
Ridgeville, Mrs. Catherine Pierce, for Myrtle Hall.....	5 00
Ridgeville, Miss Ruth E. Brockett	5 00
	<u>16 62</u>
ILLINOIS.	
Prairie City, Auxiliary.....	\$8 65
IOWA.	
Agency City, Auxiliary, for F. M. Madison, Mrs. McFerren, for Mrs. Phillips' schools.....	\$6 00
Quarry, Mrs. A. Pratt, for F. M. ....	1 00
	<u>7 50</u>
WISCONSIN.	
Kilbourn City and Big Spring Church, Mrs. J. B. Stowell, 50 cents; Miss A. Nelson, 75 cents; Miss A. T. Augir, 40 cents; one-half each, H. M. and F. M. ....	\$1 65
Ladoga, Mrs. N. A. Tinkham, for her children, for Miss I. Phillips' salary.....	1 00
	<u>2 65</u>
MICHIGAN.	
Genesee Q. M., collected as follows: Goodrich Church, \$3 42 F. M. and \$2 42 H. M.; Davison Church, \$5 41, each one-half; Deerfield Church, \$2 01; do, Flint River Church, \$1 80; do, Guilford Church, \$1 00; do, 13 cents expense.....	\$15 93
Hillsdale, Missionary Society, F. B. S. S., \$5 00 for Miss I. Phillips' salary, and \$5 00 to Myrtle Hall.....	10 00
	<u>25 93</u>
MISSOURI.	
Springfield, Mrs. S. L. Dithick, for Myrtle Hall.....	\$5 00
MINNESOTA.	
Minneapolis, Auxiliary, for Myrtle Hall, and toward L. M., of Mrs. A. A. Smith.....	\$9 00
ONTARIO.	
Ottawa, Mrs. T. B. Hudson, for Myrtle Hall.....	\$5 00
SUNDRIES.	
Try Class, for Miss Crawford, 25 cents, and F. M. \$1 75.....	\$2 00
Total,	<u>\$656 03</u>